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IN CALIFORNIA

and

Other Poems

By

Charles W. McCabe

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ALTA CALIFORNIA

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Other Poems

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Charles W. McCabe

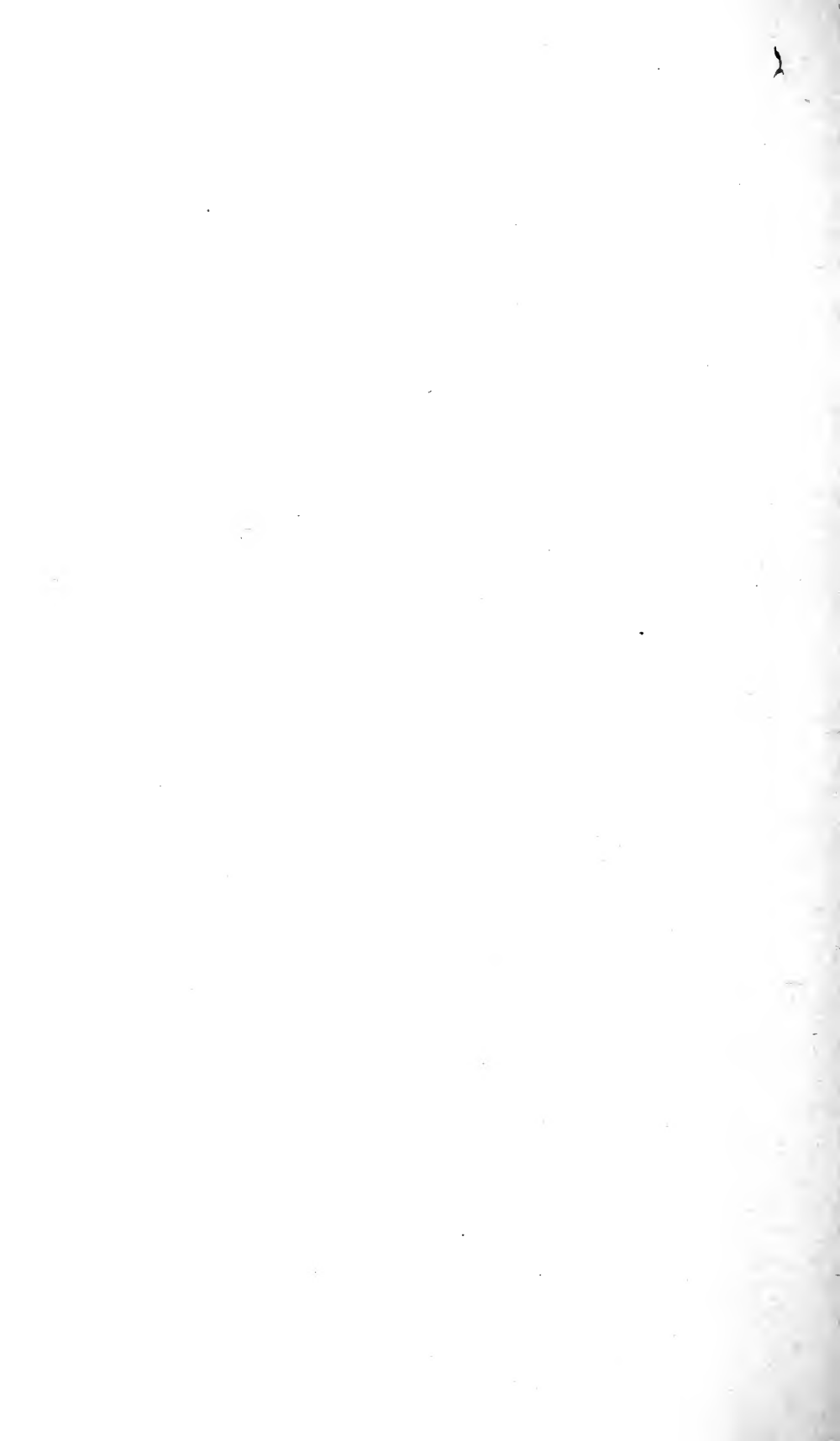
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DEDICATED
TO THE
PEOPLE OF CALIFORNIA



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ALTA CALIFORNIA

PRELUDE

A land of flowers, birds and trees
Sunkist and fanned by summer's breeze,
Domain where vales and shady nooks
Sit face to face with splashing brooks,
Where mighty mountains reach the sky,
And winter's cold and storm defy,
Whose gorgeous peaks are topped with snow
While dreamy summer dwells below.
Where grass-grown hills vast treasures hold
And rushing streams are rich with gold
Great lazy rivers ebb and flow,
Urging the fruits of earth to grow,
Where life is lived with joyous mien,
And God and man together reign.

POEM

O favored land, possessed of wondrous clime,
Famed in history, in story and in rhyme.
In thy vast realm is no good thing denied
All needs by lavish nature well supplied.
Here man's primal power for good unfolds
And every bud, and tree a message holds
Land where Cabrillo, envoy of haughty Spain
Daring the perils of the western main,
With doubting eyes its wonders first beheld,
Closer viewed all doubting quick dispelled.
Its charms and beauties pictured in his mind,
Set sails again more wonder-lands to find,
And Captain Drake fast flying from the storm
Sought refuge when Alta's hills took form,
Repaired his ship in fair Bodega Bay
And Briton sought to find through Anian's Way,
But from the shore survey the far-curved lines
That mark the Coast and Oregon defines
Where sit the Dalles and fair Columbia rolls
Whose fame and beauty all the world extolls.
Where Lewis and Clark in the early days—
The first white men a western trail to blaze—
Mid savage ambush and hardships dire
Watched at night the Indians' lone camp-fire.
And fought their journey westward mile by mile,
To stand at last by Hood's gigantic pile,
Thus hewed the path from far Atlantic's shore
To point the way to Oregon's open door.
And southward where Siskiyou Mountains rise
Till once again California greets the eyes.

Land of broad valleys, plains and mountain peaks,
In all their primal beauty, her charm bespeaks,
Behold who may the wondrous things that be,
A "Garden of the Gods" in all its majesty.
An empire unsurpassed, Alta spreads its way
From fabled Sierra Mountains to Francisco Bay,
And in between tall glacial Shasta glows,
A monument 'neath centuries of snows.
And myriad peaks, monitors of all the land,
In vernal beauty mid lesser mountains stand,
Blessed day when explorers from La Paz
With the good padres, sent by brave Galvez
Came with Portola, courteous and bold,
As gallant as the kingly knights of old,
With Serra and all his following train,
To plant the cross upon a new domain.
A pious band careworn and travel-stained
The crucifix and cowl their errand proclaimed
Grave, holy men learned in Church's lore
Who came to plant the Faith on foreign shore
With heads uncovered to the noon-day glare
Knelt upon the necked soil in prayer,
Forgetful of the rugged trail they'd trod
With upturned faces offered thanks to God,
Blest in their faith this consecrated band
Asked anew His blessing on the land.
A noble group whose piety and zeal
E'en to the savage breast made mute appeal
Who lent their aid with industry and skill
To build the Missions that mark the vale and hill,
Heard with wonder the evening vesper bell,
Its mystic music echoing from the dell.

But ye who would supernal beauty trace,
Behold fair Alta's splendors face to face;
Draw nearer where placid Tahoe lies
Like a bright mirror 'twixt the earth and skies
At which far height low altitudes draw near
Till at your very feet seem to appear
Where minarets and domes mount to the sky
And every scene's entrancing to the eye,
And just beyond where Truckee's torrent sweeps
Mid sougning pines the tragic Donner sleeps,
Unwittingly of heroes bold and tried
That perished there on the bleak mountain side.

Unable in the storm, Sierra's peaks to rise
Where Japan's current the winter storm defies.
And Tamalpais and lone Diablo wait
To welcome Strangers through the Golden Gate,
And the bold eagle o'er Joaquin's fertile plain,
A speck upon the sky seeks the coast mountain chain.
Low at its feet upon a lordly bay,
In her official pride sits Monterey,
Where Alvarado, Minion of Ancient Spain,
The common herd, held in mute disdain.
From Baja California to Alta's farthest land
The vast domain once ruled with iron hand,
And thus awoke the hatred of the vain
Unruly spirits the law sought to restrain,
And Graham held, with all his vagrant band
While seeking Judgment of a distant land.
Here brave Vallejo, honest and sincere,
His power oft taxed, ruled without fear.
The marauders' lawless acts controlled,
Their ways condemned, their virtues oft extolled,
Yet unchecked vagrants bent on lawless raid,
Laws honored sanctum sometimes would invade.
And Sloat, and Fremont, and gallant Stockton too,
With their brave men did all that they could do
To subdue the natives within their native land,
A turbulent, but patriotic band.

But gone forever those Joyous Spanish days,
Days of music, glad songs and careless ways,
Of the fandango, when every man a child
In his glad rapture, on mirthful beauty smiled,
And fain would kiss the lips that tempt the eyes,
But haughty mien and decorum's rule defies,
And the dance past, in some secluded place,
He tells his love with modesty and grace.

O, fair the land, where Sierra's peaks hold sway,
Where deep canons and pine trees mark the way,
Where verdant hills slope gently to the west,
Their riches unsuspected in the vagrant breast.
Yet abundant in treasure vaults concealed,
Waiting busy hands their secret wealth to yield.
Glad day that Marshall, with pioneer art and skill,
Found virgin gold when he would build a mill.
A mighty empire wrought by Sutter hired,
He found the spot by all the world desired.

And as the sun draws moisture to the sky,
Or men in danger quick to safety fly,
The new Aladdin's magic tales of gold
Brought sons of every nation to her fold.
Ah, forever past, those mellow golden years,
Gone too are they, those valiant pioneers,
And where the tent and miner's hut once rose,
Now busy towns and villages repose.
But O, you lordlings, sons of varied spheres,
Turn your eyes where El Capitan appears.
Forget all vanities, behind leave worldly pride,
For here concealed dwells the loved mountain bride;
O, land of dreams, valley of gorgeous splendor,
Where all who come exalt and homage render,
A master hand hath fashioned thee.
A soul inspired by wondrous love,
A mind that holds the power of He
That bade the Universe to be,
And sent the rays of Orion's light
To stay the darkness of the night,
In harmony with laws that mould
By magic force and power controlled
In colors bright and lines sublime,
God thus adorned the path of time
Inlaid with life, held fast in beauty's sway,
Man, dumb with wonder, bows his head to pray.

AFTERLUDE

O Magic Land, will time present thee a new face
Of ugliness or beauty to a new race?
Will some sweet singer in the sunset days
Behold thy charms and sing a meed of praise?
When equinox precession other circles make
What mighty spheres will change, what new worlds wake?
Will circling planet or flying meteor mark
Some grave disaster while moving in its arc?
Will some bright star that treads the milky way
Flash out its life and sink in dull decay?
Some blazing sun begin an endless race
Its orbit broke, into the depths of space?
Ah, who may know the secrets of God's mind
Or the far destiny of circling planets find?
If God is Love let's husband close the thought
That He lives forever in the worlds He wrought
But what of man, his destined fate and way?
Will he on vaster plain his brother man betray?
What for those who worship wealth and power,
Hold with miser's greed what survives an hour?
What for Czars who evade the laws they make

The poor man to obey, wealth and power to break?
What for power, entrenching where it will
The poor man for his bread to labor still?
If God in wondrous spheres a universe did trace
Innumerable stars and suns suspend in space
Did He, or man himself on liberty place a ban?
If just laws rule God's spheres, why not just laws for man?
Must man spend his days in servile discontent
Tired of life, ere half his life be spent?
Shall America's stand for liberty not prevail?
Is the blood her sons have shed of no avail?
Shall Washington and his wisdom be forgot?
Or Lincoln's fight against slavery count for naught?
And races following us, will they aspire,
To wake the soul of man with living lyre?
O freedom's land, how dear this land to me,
If Heaven there is, 'tis Heaven to be free,
Not to accuse or ignore the hand of might
But with open mind to walk the way of right.

MY GARDENS

I built me a palace in the garden of wealth,
But happiness crept out the doorway by stealth;
My gold and my jewels proved to be dross,
Yet a tithe of contentment came with my loss.

I built me a mansion in the garden of fame,
And sought to emblazon forever my name;
But passing years fated my dreams to be vain,
The God of Ambition had fled in disdain.

I built me a cottage in the garden of love,
Opened a window and in flew a dove;
My glad heart expanded like the bud of a flower,
The Goddess of Peace had bequeathed me her dower.

DRIFTING APART

Dear friend, I fear we are drifting—far apart,
That distance and old time are sifting—each heart,
Tho' in my visions thy face and thy image—oft appear,
Forgive me if thy friendship seems—less dear.
Is it because unwittingly a tie—was broken?
Or was it a kind word left—unspoken?
Take my hand, dear old friend, it is—reaching;
If I'm the offender thy forgiveness I'm—beseeching.
Let no false note, time or distance—keep us apart,
Remember days gone forever—friend of my heart.

GOLDEN POPPIES

Golden poppies by soft winds blown,
Gently nodding on their throne,
Millions growing everywhere,
Basking in the noon-day glare
Of the California sun,
And I love them every one.

Close beside the western seas,
Bowing gently to the breeze,
Sweet the joy their presence yields,
Serenely smiling from the fields,
'Neath the mellow setting sun,
And I love them every one.

In the canon, on the hill,
By the brooklet and the rill,
In the hollow, by the rock,
Where the shepherd feeds his flock,
Millions blinking in the sun,
And I love them every one.

Where the ragged peaks look down,
Where the dark'ning shadows frown,
On the mountain's sloping side,
Where the valleys open wide,
Heads uplifted to the sun,
And I love them every one.

MAN'S HERITAGE

God hung his likeness in the sky,
Upon all things his subtle shadows lie,
On suns and planets passing by,
On plains and mountains of the earth,
Upon the ocean's rolling surf,
On field and river, hill and dell,
On tree and floweret as well,
His power and love hath cast its spell.
He gave man eyes that he might see
These pictures of His Deity,
Ears He gave that all might hear
Music of His Golden sphere.
But Love He gave man's soul to be
On earth, in Heaven his identity.

INVISIBLE POWER

They sat in an ivy twined bower,
That day she had become his bride,
"Joy is mine," he said in his pride,
In his soul was a new born power.
Over their heads sang a turtle dove,
The theme of its song was, Love, Love, Love.
The sun sank low to its evening rest,
A star stole slowly into the west,
A teardrop glistened in his bride's blue eyes.
"Art thou not happy?" he asked,
From his heart escaped a sigh.
With head bowed down, she sorrowfully said,
"It's the evils of life, dear, that I dread,
Tho' I cannot tell you why"—
There is sorrow writ in the face of man,
There is fear in every heart,
I know not where it has its birth,
It comes like a breath from a frozen mart,
In the happiest hour it chills the heart,
Of all who dwell upon the earth.

They sat in a crepe-draped room,
The bride was a mother now,
A coffin lay in the window bow,
And their lives were filled with gloom.
Through the open door came a song like a breath,
From a voice that sang of Death, Death, Death.
The sun sank low to its evening rest,
A star stole slowly into the west,
A teardrop glistened in the mother's blue eye,
"Thou are very unhappy," he said,
And from his heart escaped a sigh,
With head uplifted she smilingly said,
"The evils of life I do not dread,
Tho' I cannot tell you why."
There's solace comes to the children of earth,
In pangs of sorrow it has its birth,
It comes like a breath from Heavenland,
Like strains from a harp in Angel's hand,
It lifts the soul in its saddest hour,
And sweet, O sweet, is its soothing power.

A WOMAN THERE WAS

A woman there was who was good and true,
(Like she in the dreams you and I once knew)
She stood for all that was wise and kind,
A censor of duty, the guardian of mind,
The soul of honor and love combined.

The woman that was (as a woman can),
Loved and wedded a worldly man.
Dwelt for a time in Elysian fields
(That earth-found Heaven and Love-Life yields),
But Fate the hand of destiny wield.

The woman that was, called the man her own,
But the man, self centered, had built him a throne,
With Mammon for God, made life a mad dance,
Clung to his idol, while his wife looked askance,
Played the role fast with Hell in advance.

Then the woman that was, rose like a star,
Shining resplendent, shedding radiance afar.
The glow of her soul lighted the Gulf of Despair,
As the man entered the door labeled "Beware!"
"Have a care, wild sowers reap here, have a care!"

The woman that was, followed unafraid,
The light she shed, in her own soul was made,
Many there was who did not understand
That love is duty and God's command,
But the woman that was, did understand.

The woman that was (as a woman can),
Still loved and trusted her worldly man,
Day after day she prayed and planned,
Voiced her love as they walked hand in hand,
Till the man at last came—to understand.

A GRAY NIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO

A PICTURE

San Francisco on her throne of hills,
Sits like a queen with the bay at her feet.
Long rows of lights, robbing night of its power,
Grow dim as the curtain of fog rolls in
From the ocean, clothing housetops and pavement
With dampness, making the gray shadowy forms
Of pedestrians and gliding vehicles
Appear like phantoms as they flit noiselessly
Up and down the streets, slowly fading
And lost to view in the gathering gloom.
Through the pall of gray, muffled and ghostly
Sounds float through the town from long distances—
The rumbling clatter of a car down hill;
The mournful fog-horn of an incoming ship
Crawling up the channel from the ocean;
The wail of the siren on Marin's shore;
The ferry-boat's owl-like whistle as it creeps
Slowly to mooring like a frightened thing
Powerless in the grip of the gray night.
The "All's Well" of the sentinel on Alcatraz,
As with straining eyes he peers into the depths;
The booming of a cannon from the fort
Looming forbidding on the headland—
Uncanny sounds that impel the lonely wayfarer
To turn in afright at some imagined figure
Creeping in his wake with evil intent.
Removed from dark confines of narrow streets,
Gloom less dense the downtown district holds.
Great ways of light by mysterious hand controlled,
The fog-hung sky lifts upward to the roofs.
Below, the motley crowds surge to and fro.
Wealth and power jog the poor and the miserable;
The good and the bad, clergyman and the criminal;
The pure damsel and the heady youngster;
The gambler and the spendthrift, each their pleasure bent—
Tait's, the Tavern, or the St. Germain; maybe
The theatre's magic play, or cafe's cabaret—
'Tis there to suit—the lure that calls to all,
Sometime, and charms even the wise to folly.
The Embarcadero and Barbary Coast
Draw their kind from levels high and low.

Tanned sons of the sea from far 'way lands,
With rollicking song make their merry rounds
Here, the retreating shadow of the outcast's
Skulking form as he steals to some mean spot to sleep.
The rounder's drunken laugh as with reeling
Steps, he hies to some den of vice,
Gluttonous of the full cup of life.
As night recedes, the throngs lessen and melt away.
Lights in the windows of newspaper row
Flicker dully, and go out one by one.
The army of toilers pour forth from their dens
As ants from their hills and scatter homeward.
The last newsboy has gone from Lotta's fountain,
A policeman taps the pavement with his club,
Sending forth sharp reverberating echoes.
The all-night taxi-chauffeur at Union Square,
Nods as he sleeps the chilly hours away,
An owl-car with gritting sound climbs a hill,
And disappears in the endless gloom.
Long since has wealth and power sought repose,
Too, the damsel and the heady youngster.
The sailor in his ship's bunk sleeps peacefully,
The gambler and the spendthrift, the rounder,
And the gay sister, each seek their home,
The outcast stretched on his chilly couch,
In fitful slumber dreams of riches and splendor,
Or is startled by visions of the stalwart bobby,
As he clutches at his shrinking figure.
Each and all, somewhere, in palace or cot,
Have retired to the one fond spot to rest.
And now, the deserted streets lie black across
The town; no sound, no gliding vehicles, no
Ghostly figures stalk amid the gloom.
San Francisco, ere the gray dawn
Again awakes to strife and passions' Play,
With weary sigh, sinks to peaceful slumber.

SONG OF SCIENCE

Electrons, atoms, molecules take,
Mass in spheres gravitation make.
In these spheres
Truth appears,
Herein dwells God the King,
Life, love, everything.

SONG

God's worlds are circles, circles make
Thoughts to their base return, other thoughts awake
These things God wrought
From the womb of thought
Source from which immortal being, Spring
Tunes all life and bids the heart to sing.

On life's mysterious stream we drift
In conscious wisdom, God's greatest gift
Abounds with pleasures
Rich in treasures,
A sea of power, of good a store,
Mind's precious key unlocks the door.

For mind is but the lamp of God
That lights the path that man must trod,
Dries his tears,
Dispels his fears,
So in his visions he may trace
The simpleness of love and grace.

The precious sum of God's desire
Man to exalt, good actions to inspire,
Tho' far the quest,
Brings peace and rest,
Rare quality the sweetness of the rose,
But sweeter far the calmness of repose.

All good is now, the prophets of our race,
From spirit force receive their Godly grace,
Builds anew
On good men do,
God lives forever in the womb of things,
Right thoughts and deeds from mind eternal springs.

Crown your years this planet here below
With acts of wisdom, Charity bestow
On those you meet,
Gently greet
The traveler on his way,
Let smile serene your inner thoughts betray.

In truth and wisdom man's greatest pleasure lies
To know great love all meanness to despise
Truth is, to love and wisdom build your throne
Claim all good for your very own
Who builds his fabric of the three
Dwells on the Heights of its immensity.

MARY

I see the blue of your eyes, Mary,
I see the blue of your eyes,
Tho' distant far, as the glimmering star,
I see the blue of your eyes.

I hear the sound of your voice, Mary,
I hear the sound of your voice,
Tho' the ocean wide do us divide,
I hear the sound of your voice.

I see the smile on your lips, Mary,
I see the smile on your lips,
Tho' mountains high sever you and I,
I see the smile on your lips.

I see the blush on your cheeks, Mary,
I see the blush on your cheeks,
As red as the rose it comes and goes,
I see the blush on your cheeks.

I see the blue of your eyes, Mary,
I hear the sound of your voice,
I see the smile on your lips, Mary,
And my heart would fain rejoice.

For I know that your love is mine, Mary,
I know that your love is mine,
Tho' the ocean wide keeps me from your side,
I know that your love is mine.

THE RAIN

Oh, I love to hear the rain
On the roof and window-pane,
As it patters, patters down,
Clothing earth in a wet gown.

Lost in dreams or gentle slumber,
Flit the hours without number,
When the patter of the rain
Beats on roof and window-pane.

How the shadows light or darken,
When to rain and wind I harken;
What ghostly figures then appear,
What strange voices do I hear.

Now I start from gentle slumber,
Turn to the clock and note the number
Of the hours that stole away
While King of Nodland held his sway.

Out of Nodland to day dreaming,
Slipperd feet and grate-fire gleaming,
Thus I love to hear the rain
On the roof and window-pane.

Now through palace halls I stray,
Culling life's roses all the way.
Proud ambition drinks her fill,
But something more is wanting still.

Now in fancy proud ambition
Bows her head in deep contrition,
And the common walks of life
Seem best worthy of man's strife.

For all great things lose their prestige,
And the ages leave no vestige
Of the things that have been,
Of the temples made by men.

Thus in strange lands do I wander,
Life's grave problems love to ponder,
When the patter of the rain
Beats on roof and window-pane.

THEN AND NOW

I wandered slowly o'er the hill,
Where the river flows by a meadow.
The day was warm, the air was still,
And sweetly sang a whippoorwill,
From its perch in a leafy shadow,
And sweetly sang a whippoorwill,
From its perch in a leafy shadow.
While idling thus a little child,
Came slowly down a byway.
A comely lass that lisped and smiled,
And happily the hours beguiled,
Plucking flowers bright and gay,
And happily the hours beguiled,
Plucking my heart the glad long day.
In after years a maiden fair
Walked by the hill, 'twas joy to see
Such lovely eyes, her golden hair
In ringlets hung o'er shoulders bare,
And she awoke the soul of me.
In ringlets hung her golden hair,
In one brief hour found I identity.
And once again the maiden came
To the hill down by the river,
Her sunny hair was golden flame.
Her eyes spoke love, I blushed for shame,
And life was sweet by the river.
Her eyes spoke love, I blushed for shame,
And life was sweet by the river.
And so I stayed long on the hill
That lies by the side of the river,
Clasping my love, but the air grew chill,
I longed to escape, but dead was my will,
And life was pain by the river.
I longed to escape, but dead was my will,
And life was pain by the river.
Long, O long, I've lived on the hill,
That lies by the side of the river.
Tho the mills of God are grinding still,
Love's spark is out, and dead is my will,
And life is pain by the river.
I long in vain for love and a will,
And life is pain by the river.

JUST A BOY

Just a boy with careless ways
Singing softly roundalays
Towser trotting by his side,
Boon companion, friend long tried
In many a jaunt in field and wood
Where every sport is understood
Where nature's fairies weave a charm
To bless and keep them from all harm
And adds enchantment to the song
Of boy and bird the whole day long,
A wonder-world spread wide to view
Just for the things a boy can do.
The fodder stacked for winter feed
Is witness to his valiant deed,
A covert for some beast of prey
That skulks at night and hides by day,
Doomed his hickory staff to meet,
Compelled to fight or else retreat,
Retreating, Towser bars the way
And holds the wily beast at bay.
Or else annihilates the foe,
Be it wolf or fox, or timid doe.
If larger game, sets up a wail
And runs for home with hanging tail.
Now, a coon aforaging bent,
Surprised at work in his fodder tent,
Greets old Towser with side-head scratch
And proves himself the good dog's match.
The hickory staff then comes from cover
And tho just begun, the fight is over,
And Towser, barking "twere well done,"
Struts proudly, vain of the triumph won.
Into the forest now they glide,
Dog and master, side by side.
Boy with dreams of great adventure,
Hunts for dragons (who can censure?)
Just to save from harm the masses,
And Towser ride, for winged Pegasus
Awhile they tarry at Perine Springs,
Then Pegasus spreads his wings.
High in the dizzy air they soar,
O'er Helicon's mount to distant shore.

Here Bellerophon tells his desire
To fight the mighty Dragon of Fire.
But no monster coming to view,
He charges poor old brindle Sue.
Sue heedeth not his sword of brass,
But all serene still crops the grass.
Now, in the depth of dark ravine
A skulking Indian form is seen,
The valiant boy, with half-cocked gun,
Here sees a wondrous victory won.
But Towser, having lost his wings,
Full boldly at the savage springs.
With awful screech a ghostly fowl
With visage grim and tufted cowl,
Defiance looks, and wins the day,
By flying silently away.
But ah! a giant looms afar;
His helmet bright as a shining star.
"Fame shall know me!" exclaims the boy,
His young heart beating fast with joy,
As with drawn sword he goes to meet
A hero's death or brave defeat.
But, nearer drawn, the giant shrinks,
To subtle form of crafty Minks
Which quickly glide from the swaying limb
That took the form of the giant grim,
And now, upon the raging main,
A rakish, long, black craft is seen.
Boy fits his field-glass to his eye,
The nature of the ship to spy.
"It is a pirate ship," quoth he,
"Come, comrades, up and put to sea!
No more she'll ply her murderous trade,
For she our prize shall soon be made."
Then he a signal whistle blew
That summoned Towser for his crew,
And tho all sails the pirates spread,
And fast before the wind they fled,
The bold pursuer's rain of lead
Soon laid the crew of pirates dead.
And now, the warrior, satisfied,
Turns toward home with conqueror's pride,
No battle now, no victory seeks
His doe-skin belt, with trophy reeks,

There—Indian scalps of Murdock leaves
Various spoil from pirate thieves,
Each other crowd in vast array
Telling of victories won that day.
It matters not they're made of wood,
They serve the use of sweet boyhood.
Youth's hallow now is shining bright,
And lights his pathway home this night,
Where, all forgot, the bloody dead,
He seeks his cozy trundle-bed.
But ere retiring, feels the bliss
Of father's blessing and mother's kiss.
Then softly on sleep's mystic stream
The boy glides to the land of dream.

SOLDIER BOY

You're going to cross the ocean, Soldier Boy,
Leaving home and native land,
With your patriotic band.
You're going away to fight,
For a cause you know is right, Soldier Boy,
You have taken up your lance
For Democracy and France,
And we know whate'er you do,
To your colors you'll be true, Soldier Boy.

Chorus

Fare-you-well, God be with you, Soldier Boy,
Fight for liberty and truth,
With all the valor of your youth, Soldier Boy,
Forward, forward, tho' you die,
Raise freedom's banners to the sky;
Liberty is God's decree,
Men forever shall be free, Soldier Boy.

We'll be lonesome when you leave us, Soldier Boy,
When your departure you must take,
Many hearts at home will ache,
Many hearts will bow in sorrow,
But there'll be a bright tomorrow, Soldier Boy.
When the enemy is beaten,
And their armies are retreating,
When the 'War king's day is past,
There'll be peace for all at last, Soldier Boy.

Chorus

OLD PRAIRIE HOME

I

Depart from my presence, O riches and splendor,
Fade from my sight, O pillars of state,
Memories of days gone tenderly linger
On scenes far removed from the rich and the great.
 Old home, old prairie home,
 Fond memory calls to place
 The image of each dear face
 At home, old prairie home.

II

Who, in their wand'rings, homesick and forlorn,
In the midst of pomp and display,
Have not longed for the place they were born,
Their travel-dreams turned to dismay.
 Old home, where'er I roam,
 I miss thy corn-grown prairies,
 Fragrant fields and wild berries,
 Old home, old prairie home.

III

What recompense or cheer can be found,
O wanderer on far distant strand,
In exchange for the joys that abound,
In the home of one's native land.
 Old home, old prairie home,
 Though far across the sea
 My heart still clings to thee,
 Old home, old prairie home.

A LIFE'S RETROSPECTION

The night was fair,	A maiden fair,
Fragrant the air,	With golden hair,
With roses sweet.	Dreamed of love.
The bright moonbeams,	A happy wife,
Like silvery streams,	Sang psalms of life,
Lit the street.	In her joy.
A dimpled child,	A mother wild,
Lisped and smiled,	Wept o'er her child,
As it slept.	Lying dead.

The night was fair,
Fragrant the air,
With roses sweet.

BONNIE JUNE

Thou art so fair, I love thee well, Bonnie June,
Just how well I dare not tell, Bonnie June.
I can tell it to the hills,
Sing it to the whippoorwills,
But I cannot say to you
All my heart feels to be true,
Bonnie June.

I could laugh or cry for you, Bonnie June,
I could live or die for you, Bonnie June.
Clasp you, love, with all your charms,
Close within my strong, young arms,
But I cannot face to face,
Put my love-words into place,
Bonnie June.

I could sing a song for you, Bonnie June,
Tango too could dance with you, Bonnie June.
In the evening's fragrant air,
Place a rosebud in your hair,
But my falt'ring heart stands still
When I'd ask you "if you will?"
Bonnie June.

Turn to me thy eyes divine, Bonnie June,
Place your ruby lips to mine, Bonnie June,
In the cloisters of my heart,
Is the message I'd impart,
Story of life's sweetest bliss,
Seal it, darling, with a kiss,
Bonnie June.

Chorus

Bonnie June, Bonnie June,
All the world's a rhyme in tune,
All the world is full of joy
For the happy girl and boy;
Tell me if we'll marry soon,
O, my sweetheart, Bonnie June.

THE FIRESIDE

How pleasant on returning home from toil,
To know that those best loved thy coming wait,
What peace and happiness after a day of toil,
To meet thy wife and children at the gate.

Affection's kiss goes round, and on each face
The light of love and sweet contentment rest,
While the fond father for a little space,
Clasps his sturdy offspring to his breast.

No towering walls of marble palace holds
Ties dearer than the toiler's humble cot,
No truer life its blossoms there unfolds,
Than that which blooms the poor man's family pot.

Taught in the days of youth to serve the Lord,
And live in quiet unpretentious ways,
No wicked strife is there to bring discord,
But peace and happiness lengthen out their days.

What honest cheer the toiler's coming home,
To head the table and bless the hard-earned bread,
And pray for those without such comforts roam
The world at large, unhappy and unfed.

How sweet to hear the children's merry voices,
As through the house they caper with delight,
How the parents' honest hearts rejoice,
When with modest pride they gaze upon the sight.

At nine the clock has struck the hour for rest,
The children sleep within the trundle-bed.
Kiss them tenderly and own thyself much blest,
For joy that comes to those who truly wed.

Blest are they ere life is on the wane,
Who understand the secrets of true life,
If from all vice and folly do refrain,
And solace find in husband or in wife.

Seek where you may, no lasting joy you'll find,
But in the narrow circle here laid down,
No ties of wealth or fame are strong enough to bind
Together hearts, where dissension's shadows frown.

OVER THE TOP

Over the top, shell fragments flying 'round,
And never a stop and never revolt,
The hot air rent with thunderous sound.
Still on they went, no pause or halt,
Over the top mid murderous death,
On and far, no fright or fear,
Shouting defiance, with every breath,
Over the top with smile and cheer.

Over the top, they forged ahead
With lusty shouts mid shot and shell,
Over wreckage and piled-up dead,
Over and onward, to the brink of hell,
Over the top with never a pause,
Stumbling, falling and up again,
Shrieking, cursing, and wild huzzas,
Over the top—the slaughtering pen.

Over the top, with colors flying,
Those brave lads from out of the west,
“For Liberty’s Sake,” bleeding, dying,
Ever forward, doing their best.
Over the top, and many fell,
Forever to lie on the field of disaster,
Forever to lie mid fragment and shell,
Over the top, faster and faster.

Over the top—the world knows the rest,
The battles recorded—the victories sublime
Of our boys in the trenches—our boys of the west,
It’s written forever on the scroll of time.
Over the top—but now home again,
Glad greetings, and shouts, and sobs from within.
—The missing—God help us in our sorrow and tears
May the grief in our hearts pass with the years.

MY NEEDS

A cabin to live in, a few acres of ground,
Happy me with these possessions found,
A plow, a horse, some good seed corn,
And I'm the happiest mortal ever was born.

The great and rich live in ease and grow fat,
But I do not envy them for that.
My few acres and seed corn may not yield wealth,
But plain food to eat, and better—good health.

Add to this some good books, a retreat in the forest.
I want nothing else, tho' my fortune's the poorest,
With plain food, robust health, and good books to read,
Neither body nor mind will soon go to seed.

As a still greater blessing give me a good wife,
And I've all the luxuries man needs in life.
This Kingdom I crave, kind nature's the donor,
And it's better than wealth, ambition or honor.

THE VOICE OF MAN

Where are you now, O God?
We've sought Thee far in this sad hour,
But cannot find just where you are.
The world is bleeding, suffering, sore,
Battle and death is raging o'er
Land and sea around the earth.
Tho' ages have past since Christ had birth,
The greed of man still demands the toll,
Not of life alone, but the human soul.
Be with us, God, for Thee our hearts adore.
Reveal Thyself to us, O God,
We know not whom to turn but Thee;
Earth's greed-kings mad, we fain would flee,
To a more human, happier zone,
To seek safe shelter for our own.
Blood of battle has destroyed our peace,
We pray for power that can release
Us from all selfish greed and sin.
Let us hear Thy voice above the battle's din,
Send love and peace from Thy exalted Throne.

RISE! YE SONS OF FREEDOM

Rise! ye sons of freedom! the foe's within our land,
We, her sons and soldiers must quickly take our stand,
For her, must shoulder arms, her enemies defy,
Rise! and march to meet them, tho' we fight, and bleed and
die.

Chorus

Rise! ye sons of freedom! raise the stars and stripes on high,
Above the land whose first born sons went bravely forth to
die,

That America's glorious banner might forever be unfurled,
The banner that burst the shackles of the bondmen of the
world.

Rise! ye sons of freedom! for our country's glorious name,
Fight for the laws and liberty that sounded first her fame,
Her cause is our cause whatever it may be,
Stand as one, ye valiant sons, in the cause of liberty.

Rise! ye sons of freedom! for the land our grandsires won,
Liberty's message has descended from father unto son,
For the nation our forbear founded, for the land they made
free,

Ten million sons of other lands will fight the same as we.

THE POET

Tho' his feet trod the earth,
His head rests on a star;
Tho' 'mong mortals had his birth,
His spirit wanders far,
Wanders, wanders restlessly,
The corners of the earth,
Seeking spheres blissfully,
Where his soul had its birth.

Tho' 'mong men has his being,
Dwells in fancy's land;
Through the universe travels
With the Gods, hand in hand,
Mediator of earth and heaven,
Heir to estate Divine,
To men, the earth, angels, Heaven,
Oh! poet, both are thine.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

Back of the countless ages,
Afar in the womb of time,
Where the spirit of darkness brooded
Dwelt the spirit of Love sublime.
There in the midst of the darkness,
Love opened her eyes and smiled,
And the darkness fled before her,
By the light of love beguiled.
As the light pursued the darkness
Into the realms of boundless space,
God touched the wand of Creation
And love took the form of a face
—The face and form of a woman,
With the spark Divine in her breast,
Her magic gave life to the ages,
And peace lies in her caress.

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